

WITH REMORSE

to Che'
six feet under

She was not the first
slut
to suck you in

No, I don't mean
that hapless, dear girl
that lead them
to where
they gunned you down

No, I mean
that ideology
persuading you
that an old hyaena
would face you
like a young lion

SAND-BLASTING

A way through darkness
if my ears
are punctured I will not hear
the screaming pain
"how she runs," little children
caught in napalm

So we would move beyond darkness
red screams penetrating
where
we have not heard, but our eyes
have seen it all
real as a movie
old and grinding, expecting smiles
when the act is over

The President, at least, supreme ruler
benign leader
should have
electrode implants to feel the pain

EVERY ELECTRICAL

Hair emanating
from
your head

Is thick
as hemp
and binding

As rope
your small
slit eyes

In your
obliterated
face is all

I can see
but I
can hear

Your
breasts
heaving

Powerful
as lone
dark hills